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The Sailor:
a Poem, by E. Anderson
1806

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THE
SAILOR:

A POEM,
IN FIVE BOOKS.

BY EDWARD ANDERSON,

Many Years Master of the *Jemima*, in the Lisbon Trade.

SECOND EDITION.

While safe at home you landsmen keep,
Remember those who plough the deep,
And leave their friends and ease;
We social pleasures must not share,
Watching at night; the ship's our care,
To guide across the seas.

Liverpool :

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By H. FORSHAW.

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for Colliers

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Sept^r 2 - 1813

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THE SAILOR:

A POEM.

BOOK I.

YE Muses smile upon a British tar;
Plain truth his only plea, his leading star:
He deigns to court you simply, without art,
And offers a rough hand with all his heart.

When homeward bound we cross the raging seas,
With a fair wind, a fine and pleasant breeze;
Below the horizon, as on we steer,
We see the less'ning mountains disappear;
The gale increases, foaming billows rise,
The scud flies swift across the low'ring skies;
Altho' we trembling stand at ev'ry blast,
High seas arise, yet glad to move so fast:
For, as the gale increases more and more,
It wafts us quicker to our native shore:
This cheers us in the dark and stormy night,
When neither moon nor stars do give us light;
Then in our minds pleasing reflections rise,
And thought of friends their absence oft supplies;
A sailor thinks on home when blowing hard,
When reefing topsails out upon the yard;

His hands benumb'd, his feet both wet and cold,
 The ship she rolls, he scarce can keep his hold :
 He thinks on her he loves 'bove worldly pelf,
 And feels for her as much as for himself ;
 His loving wife, the kindness she has shewn,
 Thinks on her woes, but smiles upon his own :
 When the ship's leaky, or near a lee shore,
 He works the pump, exerts himself the more ;
 When overboard, this stirs him up to swim,
 When he reflects what she must feel for him.
 You who have friends that plough the raging main,
 Be kind to them when they come home again ;
 Disdain them not when they come poor and low.
 This is a fact which many people know,—
 Oft in a common sailor's heart and mind,
 Dwell social virtues of no common kind ;
 Sometimes by friends or fortune cast afloat,
 They are content when scarcely worth a great :
 Yet scorn by mean servility to please,
 Or rise by steps so scandalous as these :
 Low in the world, still they despise its arts,
 Tho' nothing else be left but honest hearts.
 They live content, beneath the world's regard,
 And bear with ease what seems to landsmen hard.

Tho' I but little education had,
 The muses often charm'd me when a lad :
 Brought up a shepherd, tho' a farmer's son ;
 My clothing then it mostly was home-spun ;
 My stockings did my mother's taste display,
 Black and white wool she mixt to make them grey ;
 My shirt of hemp so coarse, now, I am clear,
 Many, tho' poor, would be asham'd to wear :

But then the richest woman in the town,
 Would go to church in linsy-woolsy gown.
 They did not bear the rustic name in vain,
 Unpolish'd nature had her ample reign:
 But hardy, healthy, clean, and neat, and spruce,
 Content to live upon their home produce.
 On Yorkshire Wolds we mostly barley eat,
 For then they grew but very little wheat;
 We liv'd on barley bread and barley pies,
 And oats and peas the want of wheat supplies:
 Bred on coarse fare, this has done me no harm,
 My clothes were good enough to keep me warm.

I thought this hard when forc'd to go away,
 And leave the hills where I oft us'd to play;
 Drove out from thence, my father's farm was sold;
 We Luton left when I was nine years old:
 This seem'd a cross, not rightly understood,
 But afterwards we saw it work for good.
 Tho' it was but eight miles we then remov'd,
 To Kilham; a far better place it prov'd;
 There all inclos'd, the diff'rence shew'd us plain,
 As from the wilderness into Canaan:
 There I got fine clothes and better meat,
 We ate no barley there, but liv'd on wheat.

To see my friends, to Luton oft I went,
 Together many pleasant hours we spent;
 My aunt and uncle Lovel liv'd there still;
 At Helperthorp my uncles Dick and Will;
 At Weaverthorp relations did not fail,
 For there my uncles George and Tom sold ale:
 My uncle John there kept a blacksmith's shop;
 And at my grandmother's I us'd to stop;

And our relations there did all resort,
 At Candlemas they met at Weatrop sport.
 My uncles I could reckon up eighteen,
 And fifty cousins, where I've welcome been :
 How pleas'd was I so many friends to see,
 This always was a feast indeed to me :
 Distant relations, far as we could ken,
 Both rich and poor, they all were welcome then ;
 And freely all on uncle John did call,
 If he had room he entertain'd them all.
 I always saw this town again with joy,
 For there I went to school when but a boy ;
 Then no ambitious views my mind did fill,
 Those times I think upon with pleasure still.

I little thought that I should plow the deep,
 When in Broachdale I kept my father's sheep ;
 There I a shepherd's hut and garden had ;
 There my ambition center'd when a lad :
 With dog, and bag, and bottle by my side,
 A shepherd's frock was then my utmost pride ;
 I knew no care but for my father's flock ;
 Oft watchful ey'd my shadow for a clock :
 As round my sheep did feed, and lambs did play,
 With pleasure then I spent the summer's day.
 This my diversion—sitting on the ground,
 Viewing the diff'rent insects creep around ;
 The grasshopper and butterfly to see,
 The busy ant, and the industrious bee :
 Observ'd the spider busy catching flies,
 And listen'd when I saw the sky-lark rise :
 There blooming trees in large plantations grow,
 And fields of corn a pleasing prospect show ;

The swarth with daisies, whins with blossoms crown'd,
 Just like a flow'ry carpet spread around.
 Oft basking in the sun I took a nod,
 The ground my bed, my head upon a sod;
 My faithful dog he did not go to sleep,
 But kept a watch both over me and sheep.
 We wisdom may from simple nature gain,
 Tho' these are little things which I explain;
 I feel superior to the critic's sneer;
 And while I speak the truth I have no fear.

What pity fill'd my heart, o'erflow'd my eye—
 My father doom'd my fav'rite lamb to die:
 Commanded me to lift the fatal knife,
 But I refus'd; I could not take its life.
 When young, a pet, I fed it on my knee,
 And when grown up, it often followed me.
 When I came home, oft met me at the stile,
 And as I pass'd, play'd round me all the while;
 So fond it lay all night at the back gate,
 Ready to welcome me, early or late:
 But I could not prevent the cruel deed,
 I wept to see this harmless creature bleed;
 My father smil'd, and said, For shame, to cry,
 At harvest home the fattest lamb must die.
 This dying lamb I could not bear to see—
 Puts me in mind of Him that dy'd for me.
 I thought this hard, but this was not the worst,
 For soon my pleasing prospects all were cross'd;
 When fourteen sheep all died in one week,
 My hopes were blasted, I'd a trade to seek;
 My parents said I should tend sheep no more,
 They never so unlucky were before.

But still a shepherd's life I most admir'd;
 I went to hirings, but could not get hir'd;
 Without my father's leave I try'd in vain;
 I must come home to husbandry again.
 My father said, Now why should you despair?
 I'll let you go to market and to fair;
 On a good horse, a hunting you shall go,
 And when you money want, then let me know.
 Tho' to all these, and many feasts I went,
 I danc'd and sung, but yet was not content.
 A younger brother had left off the plough,
 And he was learning navigation too;
 As he was better temper'd far than me,
 My mother said I ought to go to sea.
 One night in anger Henry let me know,
 It was on my account that he must go;
 When you were shepherd, all things pleasant went,
 But now that you have got the management,
 My home it is no pleasure to me now,
 This is the cause, I can't submit to you.
 I could not rest, this thought still follow'd me,
 If he got drown'd, I should unhappy be:
 I stay'd three days, at nights I could not sleep,
 So I was forc'd to go and plough the deep.

I've been a shepherd since I cross'd the main,
 And many fine wool'd sheep brought home from Spain:
 Some of them were for men of highest ranks,
 Both for the king, and for Sir Joseph Banks:
 All means they try to mend the English stock;
 I sent some home amongst my father's flock.

From all my fond connections doom'd to part,
 To leave them then it almost broke my heart.

On Wandle Hill I view'd the distant deep,
 Look'd back and wept, and stopp'd again to weep.
 The port of Scarbro' is well known to me,
 That was the place where I first went to sea;
 Jacket and trowsers there I first put on,
 And all that saw me laugh'd at country John:
 There to a friend I gave my country coat,
 Took up my bed, and went into the boat:
 O how I trembled when I left the shore,
 I never had been in a boat before;
 The waves so high and dreadful did appear,
 The sea broke in and put me in much fear;
 But this reflection made my courage rise,
 And to all dangers then I shut my eyes,
 There is a God at sea as well as land,
 And I dare trust myself into his hand;
 He knows my motive, and the way I take,
 My life I venture for my brother's sake;
 And by my going this did him prevent,
 He staid on shore, to sea he never went.
 The boat was small, they bade me lay me down,
 I heard them say that we should all be drown'd:
 I thought my troubles soon would all be done,
 But since I found that they were just begun:
 I could not swim, so I had little hope;
 At length we reach'd the ship, they threw a rope,
 Sick and half drown'd, they haul'd me up the side;
 The ship she had beat out to sea that tide,

When first I heard them cry out, *Topsail haul,*
 I thought the masts upon my head would fall:
 Though sick and faint, some pleasure I did find,
 When we began to sail before the wind;

It fell less wind, more smooth along the shore,
 My fears were fled, my sickness soon was o'er;
 A pleasant breeze, and a fine moonlight night,
 Then I began to whistle with delight;
 The mate he heard, and soon call'd out to me,
 You must not whistle when you are at sea;
 Remember now you are not tending sheep,
 We only whistle when the wind's asleep.
 The Portuguese just as much wisdom show,
 When calm, they cry, *Blow, St. Anthony, blow.*
 Much superstition I have seen since then,
 And silly customs amongst diff'rent men.
 The men look'd out before the mate abaft,
 At eight o'clock he call'd, *All hands come aft,*
 Then they divided us with quick dispatch,
 Call'd one The larboard, one The starboard watch;
 It prov'd my turn in the first watch below,
 I did go down, to sleep I could not go.
 Disturb'd by foaming waves and whistling wind,
 And thinking on the joys I left behind;
 Rock'd in my hammock as she rolling goes,
 Just before twelve I fell into a doze;
 Alarm'd when I had nearly fall'n asleep,
 I dream'd that I was sinking in the deep;
 Lord save, I cry'd, I am not fit to die—
 Just then I heard a dreadful midnight cry;
 They stamp'd on deck, which made all ring below,
 And one cry'd out aloud, *Starboard watch, ho!*
 Alarm'd and terrify'd, it made me jump,
 This awful noise did sound like the last trump;
 My guilty conscience magnify'd the sound,
 I wak'd rejoicing that I was not drown'd.

Since then how many dangers I've gone through!
 I well may wonder I've escap'd till now;
 The wind still fair, a fine and pleasant night,
 We made a light a-head, 't was Tynemouth light;
 Then we hove too, off Suter Point we lay,
 And waited tide until the break of day;
 The morn arose, and smoaky Shields appear'd,
 All hands made sail, and for the bar we steer'd.
 Now scenes arose as day-light spread abroad,
 A boat came off, the pilot came on board;
 Pull off your jackets, boys, now bear a hand,
 Let some good sailors by the braces stand.
 Then he came forward, said to me with scorn,
 This country hobuck, where has he been born?
 The girls on shore, in their Newcastle brogue,
 They call'd me Country Lumper, Yorkshire Rogue;
 When I was look'd upon with such disdain,
 I wish'd I had been tending sheep again.

Reluctant, from each fond connection torn,
 What hardships on the ocean I have borne;
 Tho' oft severe, yet they quite light did prove,
 To what I suffer'd from th' effects of love.
 This tender passion soon an object finds,
 And close united by congenial minds.
 But ah! before the sacred knot was ty'd,
 Death came and snatch'd away my promis'd bride.
 When bound to sea, then home with her I went,
 In love and innocence the night we spent;
 I talk'd of my return, the joys how sweet,
 She wept, and said—we never more should meet!
 Altho' our parents both of us did blame,
 We could not part before the morning came;

I call'd next day to bid a last adieu,
 And of her charms to take another view;
 Her looks shew'd kind affection, love sincere,
 I turn'd away to hide the falling tear.
 We social pleasures must no longer share,
 Doom'd to the sea, the ship must be my care;
 To plow the deep, where waves do rage and foam,
 Far from my friends, my family and home.
 Next news I heard from home when far remote,
 And by my brother Henry it was wrote;
 Informing me our family were well,
 But of her death he seem'd quite loth to tell.
 At last,—Dear brother, now prepare your mind,
 For reading that which still is left behind;
 When you left home we thought it was not right,
 We blam'd you much for stopping out all night;
 It seem'd unkind from us to run away,
 That the last night at home you would not stay:
 Miss Blanchard she more pleasing was to you,
 Her beauty captivating I allow;
 None had objections to her for your wife,
 Her health and strength were promising long life;
 All shew'd a prospect fair of worldly bliss,
 But now, alas! how soon 'tis come to this;
 This night a corpse; no more her voice is heard,
 To-morrow she must lie in the church yard;
 Where are the joys her beauty could afford!
 Dear brother, now prepare to meet thy God!

For many years I far abroad did roam,
 Still I remember'd her when I came home;
 This all the satisfaction I could have,
 To drop a silent tear upon her grave.

O how the Lord has hedg'd about my way,
 And often robb'd my passions of their prey;
 In love withheld my ev'ry fond delight,
 And kindly starv'd my grov'ling appetite:
 May all my life shew forth his love and praise,
 For all the mercies of my lengthen'd days.

I was preserv'd upon the raging main,
 In the West Indies from a hurricane:
 I saw the goodness of the Lord most clear,
 When in the Juno we dismasted were;
 The ship a wreck, but still she did not sink;
 At short allowance both of meat and drink:
 When tost about for thirteen weeks or more,
 At last we all but one got safe on shore.
 Again preserv'd, I saw the hand divine,
 In the October gale, in eighty-nine;
 More than a thousand men were lost that day,
 When in the Friendship I was cast away:
 A passenger from London I came down;
 In Yarmouth Roads we lay; to Hull were bound:
 Of this large fleet, three hundred ships or more,
 One hundred sail were lost, or drove on shore.
 The night was moonlight, weather very fine,
 Our women passengers were eight or nine,
 They sung us songs in which we took delight;
 Some play'd at cards till twelve o'clock at night;
 And when I went to bed, long musing lay,
 Thinking how to divert them the next day;
 Hearing a noise before the storm came on,
 I wak'd, and all my pleasing dreams were gone:
 In vain I try, for language it must fail,
 To give account of this destructive gale.

At night 'twas calm, quite smooth, and still the main,
 The morning ushers in a hurricane :
 At four o'clock this dreadful storm did rise,
 An awful darkness veils the lofty skies ;
 The waves were foaming, loud the billows roar,
 And dash tremendous on the trembling shore.
 All hands were call'd, quick on the deck they run,
 We scarce could muster ere the gale begun :
 Then all employ'd, each to their station go,
 Most up aloft, but some must stay below :
 Our captain drunk, he swore and raged hard,
 Cry'd, bear a hand upon the topfail-yard :
 To hand main-topfail then we made a shift,
 But found, when we came down, the ship adrift ;
 When veering out, too rash the captain spoke,
 To bring her up, and then the cable broke :
 Altho' we let another anchor go,
 We drove on board another ship we saw,
 Which struck our quarter, stove in all abaft,
 Likewise companion, broke main boom and gaff.
 How to get clear, it all our art defies—
 We heard the women's dreadful shrieks and cries !
 We hail'd the other ship, they could not hear,
 Their captain try'd to get his vessel clear :
 He veer'd out cable, this was death to him,
 It tore him round the windlass limb from limb :
 O what confusion, terror, and dismay ;
 Then we got clear, and sheer'd the other way :
 Our anchor held, and we brought up again,
 But 't was not long that there we could remain.
 I went below, the passengers to cheer,
 And just had told them that they need not fear ;

I heard them cry on deck, Now save us, Lord,
 Another ship is coming straight on board :
 I started up, two women held me fast,
 By using force I got away at last :
 Their frantic looks shew'd terror and dismay ;
 But looking round, I saw two children play ;
 The oldest, as he roll'd from side to side,
 Cry'd, Mother, look how finely here I ride ;
 They seem'd to wonder what we had to fear,
 The youngest cry'd aloud, Mamma, look here :
 By tender looks, distinguish'd from the rest,
 She clasp'd the smiling infant to her breast ;
 And as the mother gave the child a kiss,
 The baby lisp'd, Mamma, what noise is this ?
 I thought I should not fear the raging seas,
 If I was but as innocent as these.
 I heard a woman calling out to me,
 I turn'd, and saw the bible on her knee ;
 Her looks then shew'd that she was quite resign'd,
 But other souls she bore upon her mind ;
 Warn them on deck, she said, to be prepar'd,
 And pray to God that we may all be spar'd.
 Then all stood waiting our impending fate,
 We cut the cable, but it prov'd too late ;
 Against our bow she came with such a sweep,
 Ship and all hands, they sunk into the deep.
 Whilst I ran forward to get our ship wore,
 Abaft they had agreed to run on shore ;
 Afraid of that, because I could not swim—
 The captain drunk, in vain we call'd on him.
 I took the helm, and kept her off the shore,
 For there I thought the danger it was more.

We seem'd each moment still on ruin's brink,
 They all supposed that she soon must sink;
 Some went to pray'r, and on their knees did fall,
 And some cry'd out that I should drown them all:
 One hove the lead, the mate look'd out before,
 We kept her in three fathoms near the shore:
 Seas breaking o'er us, dark we could not see,
 Of other ships we ran on board of three;
 It seem'd a miracle that we got clear,
 We kept afloat till day-light did appear;
 I thought, while thousands view'd us from the shore,
 Were I safe there, I'd go to sea no more;
 I promis'd then, if God would spare my life,
 To quit my sins, and lead a better life;
 If sav'd, that I would give to God the praise,
 And serve him truly all my lengthen'd days.
 But how ungrateful I have been since then,
 In that respect, I've been the worst of men.
 The men cry'd out a-head, they saw a wreck,
 Five men were floating on a quarter deck,
 Driving before the wind, the sea and tide,
 Thus tost about, sometimes the seas did hide;
 Their station dreadful, thund'ring billows roar,
 And what a distance from the long'd-for shore;
 No refuge but in God; unless he please,
 They must be lost amidst the raging seas.
 As o'er the Stamford we our course did steer,
 O what a dreadful scene did their appear;
 So many wrecks that clear we could not keep;
 All round us sailors sinking in the deep.
 We saw on the Homeheads a vessel lie,
 The crew wash'd from the rigging, sink, and die.

On Lowestoffe Point, beheld a sloop on shore,
 Fell off and fill'd, we saw the crew no more.
 Another wreck we saw in the South Road,
 They cry'd for help, but none could get on board;
 None could assist them, as no boat could live,
 God only then effectual aid could give.
 Friends weep for him who on a death-bed lies,
 They cannot save his life, he faints and dies.
 Just so with them, men view them from the shore,
 And their hard fate they pity and deplore.
 After we had got out through all these wrecks,
 Then we began to try to stop the leaks:
 No gaff, or boom, or anchors then we had,
 And still we thought indeed our case was bad.
 Before the wind we sail'd along the shore,
 The leaks began to gain upon us more:
 The ship a wreck, no harbour could we reach,
 So all agreed to run her on the beach.
 As near to Harwich, then we did advance,
 Under Red Cliff, we thought it the best chance;
 We haul'd her in close up to the Piesand,
 The sea more smooth beneath this point of land:
 The tide it then was quarter ebb or more;
 To save our lives, we ran the ship on shore:
 On the ebb tide she heavy seas did stand,
 But at low water we got safe to land.
 The women almost dead while on the main,
 On shore, they all but one reviv'd again.
 Can I forget, unto my latest breath,
 How narrowly I then escap'd from death;
 When hundreds round me met a wat'ry grave,
 O what a grateful heart I ought to have!

When looking on the corpses that wash'd on shore,
 I promis'd to offend my God no more :
 But while I mixt with pleasure-taking crowds,
 My goodness it was like the morning clouds.

BOOK II.

WHEN safe on shore, I purpos'd there to keep,
 Determin'd never more to plough the deep ;
 To live retir'd, I then a scheme had-plann'd,
 And settled quiet down in Westmoreland :
 There safe from busy crowds, and war's alarms,
 Where the pure country spreads unclouded charms :
 The fertile plains, the lakes, the hills, the trees,
 The fancy strike, the eye with rapture sees :
 Struck with surprise, when first those scenes I saw,
 It seem'd just like a paradise below.
 Looking around with admiration still,
 I saw a cloud just climbing up the hill :
 The scene soon changes as I upward look,
 The tops of hills are all seen wrapt in smoke ;
 As I went up along the mountain side,
 There a romantic prospect open'd wide :
 But when I came upon the top so high,
 There I seem'd plac'd between the clouds and sky ;
 The mist had drawn a veil o'er herds and flocks,
 And nothing could be seen but tops of rocks :

I seem'd, like Noah, escap'd from the deluge,
 The ark on such a mountain took refuge;
 This something like that awful scene did show,
 When he look'd down upon the world below:
 My mind was lifted up, and like the dove,
 I could find nought to rest on, but above.
 A rainbow shew'd, as it began to clear;
 A deep abyss the vale did then appear:
 But when the sun broke out upon the plain,
 Then it seem'd like a Paradise again.
 As I sat there upon the mountain's brow,
 And view'd the dales that lay so far below,
 The awful precipices made me fear
 Of hastily approaching them too near:
 Their form in many places is so steep,
 A man would be in danger tho' he creep.
 The distant mountains rise prodigious high,
 Their pointed tops they seem to touch the sky;
 These mountain tops are strew'd with ragged rocks,
 With here and there some heath and scatter'd flocks;
 A few small sheep of an inferior kind,
 Not bound by lordships, or in fields confin'd;
 Nature we see is never at a loss,
 For here the very stones are spread with moss;
 As on these hills the cultivating hand,
 Has done but little to improve the land;
 And here the mountains much the same appears,
 As we presume, for many hundred years;
 And on their surface little more is found,
 Except moor-fowls, and other game abound:
 Their produce slate, and peat for fuel made,
 For which but little more than labour's paid.

But in the dales, altho' so deep they run,
 As sometimes nearly to exclude the sun;
 Yet fertiles fields, both corn and pasture fair,
 We see abound in many places there.
 In these grotesque recesses men reside,
 As far from cities as their wealth and pride;
 In language, manners, houses, diet, dress,
 Originality they all possess;
 Amongst them true simplicity we find,
 To strangers always courteous and kind:
 Of late they learn refinement with such speed,
 Some learn to dance before they learn to read.
 Pleasing society I soon did find,
 And this romantic country charm'd my mind;
 Tho' poor, yet I enjoy'd content and health,
 Careless of honour, grandeur, fame, or wealth.
 But Providence did soon my plan defeat,
 A summons brought me out from this retreat;
 Hurry'd to London from those silent bow'rs,
 By the mail coach, in eight and forty hours,
 A witness on a trial to attend;
 To all my former schemes this put an end.
 A ship I had been mate of brought me forth,
 Being insur'd for more than she was worth;
 The captain wish'd to run the ship on shore;
 This he attempted sev'ral times before;
 When none of us would to his terms agree,
 The rudder he unshipp'd in the East Sea.
 When we all saw the scheme that he had plann'd,
 The crew arose, and gave me the command.
 Seeing the danger, all were fore afraid,
 But we a temporary rudder made.

'T was in November, near Bontholm we lay,
 Long stormy nights, and short the winter's day;
 Tho' tost about with the strong furious blast,
 To Copenhagen we got safe at last;
 There the long winter eighty-eight we lay,
 And were froze up until the third of May.
 Tho' far from home, the winter cold severe,
 Yet glad to find a friendly shelter there.

When I before lord Kenyon trembling stood,
 Could I expect that it would work for good?
 My friends, my character were all at stake,
 I sacrific'd them all, for conscience sake;
 And prov'd this true,—tho' they are falsely blam'd,
 Who speak the truth, need never be ashamed.
 Counsellor Erskine said to me, take care,
 You in the presence of his lordship are.
 I said, I stand before the Lord I know,
 My cause is good, I fear no lord below;
 Nor do I fear this day the truth to prove,
 Both in the sight of men, and God above.
 This was a cause that had before been try'd,
 But three false witnesses the truth did hide;
 Altho' they all again the same did swear,
 By what I said, the truth did plain appear;
 And I was then promoted on that ground,
 They thought an honest Yorkshire-man was found;
 And, by the underwriters, master made,
 Of the *Jemima*, in the Lisbon trade.
 This prospect, both of pleasure and much gain,
 It tempted me to go to sea again.
 From low degree, this trial did me call,
 From threshing in a barn at Hornby Hall.

I saw the hand of God that did me raise,
 But then I did not give to God the praise ;
 Prosperity did such a charm afford,
 That I soon turn'd away from serving God.
 A brother call'd upon me twice or thrice,
 Reprov'd me freely, gave me good advice ;
 " Tho' captain now, and worth a little pelf,
 I know you still, but you forget yourself ;
 I knew you once with weather-beaten hair,
 The shepherds at your powder'd head would stare ;
 At home plain Edward, then we did you call ;
 Don't be too proud, your pride may have a fall."

His words prov'd true, they were not spoke in vain,
 Plain Edward he has heard me call'd again.
 What tho' prosperity some pleasure brings,
 Yet how uncertain are all earthly things ;
 This truth to me hath oft been clearly shewn ;
 Once when I had a vessel of my own,
 Coming from Lisbon laden with fruit and wine,
 Our passage short, the weather very fine ;
 Passing the Cape, across the bay to steer,
 There we fell in with a French privateer :
 Old captain Vining then with us had sail'd,
 And to keep company we had not fail'd ;
 As they at day-light did with glasses look,
 Suppos'd that he was English by the smoke ;
 They pass'd by us, and straight for him they stood,
 For he was burning coals, but we burnt wood.
 They next pull'd too a Swede, 't was calm all day,
 At night it came a breeze, we got away ;
 The packet ta'en by which my letters went,
 Which sav'd insurance then eighteen per cent.

This news amongst the merchants welcome sounds,
 Jemima—Anderson's safe in the Downs.
 When through the Narrows we had made our way,
 And beating up upon the Flats that day;
 To gain the Nore that tide we did our best,
 But it came a hard gale at West North West.
 I thought none happier than myself that day,
 A blast of wind soon blew it all away;
 Thinking next day I should my sweetheart see,
 Amongst my friends, how welcome I should be;
 The gale came on so sudden and so hot,
 Sweetheart and friends, they soon were all forgot.
 Be quick, haul up the main-sail in the brails,
 Run down the jib, clue up top-gallant-fails.
 The sudden squall it laid her down so low,
 To bring her up, we let the anchor go;
 When no abatement of the gale we found,
 And at low water we should be aground;
 Night coming on, the danger there to shun,
 We cut the cable, through the narrows run,
 And anchor'd in the Gore, the buoy is white,
 But parted from our cable in the night.
 Adrift, no anchors, what was best to do,
 A cadge and hawser then we did let go;
 When we had drifted far, and near the shore,
 It caught a rock, and brought us up once more;
 Altho' the sea was high, the ground not clear,
 Yet it held fast till day-light did appear.
 Just to the West of Margate then we were,
 A boat came off, and run us safe in there;
 They ventur'd off, altho' it blew so hard,
 And got a hundred pounds for their reward.

Tho' death appear'd that night on ev'ry side,
A harbour safe the Lord did there provide.

Preserv'd again, I did his goodness see,
On Christmas eve, the year of ninety-three.
When riding in Torbay, the wind at West,
But it came on a gale at East North East;
Tho' some their cables cut, their sails did spread,
Yet many could not weather Berry Head.

We dropp'd both anchors, we could do no more,
But drove amongst the breakers near the shore;
Altho' so near the rocks we rode less strain,
There the back water brought us off again;
Just before dark, two ships on shore were cast,
And five or six we saw without a mast.

All round us flying signals of distress,
Night coming on, the gale did much increase;
The wind we heard it whistling in the blocks,
And the high surges beating 'gainst the rocks.
Nothing but death appear'd before our eyes,
A ship drove past, we heard their dreadful cries;
On rocks to pieces dash'd, an awful sight,
Soon all was cover'd by the veil of night.

While men on shore their Christmas gambols play,
We stood expecting to be cast away;
Nor mind the wet and cold, tho' 't was severe,
We only thought upon the rocks so near.

The wind came suddenly about once more,
To the North East, and that was off the shore;
In our behalf, when we were most afraid,
We saw the goodness of the Lord display'd.
We taste the sweets of pleasure after pain,
Joy warm'd my heart, like sunshine after rain.

Preserv'd again, it was the will of Heaven,
 From sinking, in the year of ninety-seven.
 To Lisbon bound, our convoy the Sea Horse;
 In a hard gale we all the fleet did lose;
 Left in distress, when we were half seas o'er,
 Could I expect to see my native shore?
 The leak still gaining, boats wash'd off the deck,
 We threw some cargo out to stop the leak;
 Still it pour'd in—the boats gone over board,
 And nothing left to trust in but the Lord;
 We cry'd to him who then beheld our grief,
 And soon he sent a ship to our relief.
 Dangers alarm the careless and secure,
 To make their calling and election sure;
 For harden'd sinners, if they never turn,
 Must in the wrath of God for ever burn;
 It may be needful to maintain his cause,
 'Gainst harden'd rebels who despise his laws;
 By awful judgments, when great numbers die,
 It is that others may be warn'd thereby;
 And sometimes vengeance on men's heads is hurl'd,
 To awe a thoughtless, bold, offending world:
 May seamen learn from shipwrecks, winds and storms
 To fear that God who all his will performs;
 That God, whose providence marks all our ways,
 And at a glance surveys our future days.
 The best concerted schemes that men have plann'd,
 Prove vain, if not supported by his hand.

Tho' unto Lisbon I had often run,
 Without a convoy, since the war begun;
 When I with convoy 'mongst the fleet did steer,
 Then I was taken by a privateer,

Which in disguise surpriz'd us in the night,
 And before day-light run us out of sight;
 And other three into their hands did fall:
 Our convoy was the Argo, captain Hall.
 When ta'en again, tho' fore against my will,
 Then I was forc'd to sign a ransom bill;
 To save myself and crew from being drown'd,
 Incurr'd a penalty of five hundred pound.
 They had agreed our ship should be restor'd,
 And had put all their prisoners on board;
 Then it fell calm while they did us detain,
 And they came back to plunder us again;
 The wine and die-wood which was stow'd below,
 Were taking out, then meant to let us go;
 Left without boat or ballast we must be,
 Except I would unto their terms agree;
 And this had put our people in such fear,
 That two had enter'd in the privateer.
 I saw the crime, but looking at the cause,
 My feelings stronger were than human laws;
 Then they left us a boat, our lives to save,
 For ballast, empty water casks they gave.
 One then on board, a witness to this scene,
 Was captain Williamson, of Aberdeen;
 When to the Adm'rality I did apply,
 Then they advis'd a counsellor to try;
 When I consulted with Sir William Scott,
 He could give no relief—pity'd my lot;
 My case was hard, but law is so exact,
 He could find no exception in the act.
 " Those troubles oft are sent to make us wise,
 " Afflictions oft are blessings in disguise;

“ And pain we see in pity oft is sent ;
 “ Oft we ’re chastis’d to bring us to repent.”
 Then I left all my friends, and native shore,
 Fully determin’d to return no more ;
 In foreign parts I purpos’d to remain,
 But was against my will brought back again ;
 And by an English man of war was met,
 When to America I thought to get.
 To country work again I did retire,
 And I was picking hops in Herefordshire ;
 This pleas’d my mind, my appetite did suit,
 For I got plenty both of milk and fruit ;
 And pulling fruit and nuts was my employ,
 Till I met with a chimney-sweeper’s boy ;
 He told a tale, and I believ’d it true,
 He shew’d the marks of beating, black and blue.
 His parents had been dead for sev’ral years,
 And he was left to parish overseers,
 Who bound him ’prentice to a chimney-sweep,
 But I perswaded him to plough the deep :
 There seem’d no other way to gain relief ;
 He had no friends—he scarce durst tell his grief !
 Unenvy’d, be that cold unfeeling breast,
 That cannot sympathize with the distress’d ;
 How often have I try’d, my heart to steel,
 But I am happy yet that I can feel :
 In taking part with him, no crime I saw,
 But yet I fear’d it would not stand the law :
 His master got the note that I had sent,
 And with it to a country justice went,
 Who summon’d me before him the next day ;
 Instead of going there, I went away ;

My conscience told me I was not to blame,
 But I gave way to fear of man and shame.
 And then again I on the water went,
 And in the Severn Trows some time I spent;
 At night oft ty'd our vessel to the trees,
 'T was smoother sailing far, than on the seas;
 And there I work'd in winter, making sails;
 In spring, I went to peeling bark in Wales;
 I earn'd my living there by skinning trees,
 And thought to go no more across the seas.
 But there again my troubles did begin,
 Warrant was granted by Sir W——n W——n—
 Inform'd that I had been a British tar,
 I must be sent on board a man of war.
 Tho' I was press'd, the Lord did me release,
 For when in Liverpool, it came a peace.
 'Midst busy crowds, content to live unknown,
 I lov'd my God, but not my God alone.

As in a Dublin trader then I sail'd,
 Tho' I shunn'd sin, temptation oft prevail'd;
 I'd left my family for sev'ral years,
 Till one of them in Liverpool appears;
 It seems that nothing to my heart could reach,
 While there I heard my brother Henry preach;
 I did not know 't was him when he begun;
 He said, "The Father had another son;
 This son he had in a far country been,
 And many scenes of hardship he had seen;
 But then he did his sins and folly mourn,
 And said, he to his father would return."
 Altho' he did not know to me he spoke,
 It was apply'd; my heart was almost broke.

He preach'd one Sunday, at Mount Pleasant Hill,
 I went to hear, but did not know him still;
 But as I went on board when he had done,
 I heard them say, his name was Anderson;
 I soon found out that it must be the same,
 He came from Kilham, Henry was his name;
 To own him then my pride did me prevent,
 Conscience accus'd me, but to sea I went.
 I told this to a friend I went to see,
 And she was more affected far than me;
 Thoughts of a brother made her burst in tears,
 Of whom she had not heard for many years:
 When I in her such tenderness did see,
 'T was then I thought how hard my heart must be:
 I have a mother and a sister too,
 She said, I feel for them, you must write now.
 By her persuaded, I could not refrain,
 Their friendly answers brought me home again;
 They all were glad the prodigal to see,
 And some of them rejoiced over me.

In sin and folly I much time have spent,
 These twenty years, since first to sea I went;
 Sometimes I in the paths of virtue trod,
 But found I loved pleasure more than God;
 And while my mind was thus on pleasure bent,
 The sabbath-day was often idly spent;
 Plays and romances did my senses please,
 And then I thought there was no harm in these:
 Sailors, beware of this enchanted ground,
 'T was there my deep depravity I found;
 The foe within found out my weaker part,
 Reason gave way, and pleasure won my heart;

Most other worldly pleasures I had prov'd,
 Against them stood superior and unmov'd ;
 'Mongst women nature fail'd, and shew'd my heart,
 Against their charms, this was my weakest part.
 Shall I dissemble ? No, these lines sincere,
 Paint but too glaring, and explain too clear.
 In vain amusements, feasting, dress, and play,
 Amongst the rich I pass'd my time away ;
 Of worldly happiness did idly dream,
 Floating along, was driven with the stream,
 Till God o'er me his chast'ning rod did shake,
 Then I began out of my sleep to wake ;
 His goodness would not let the captive go,
 His love forbade my happiness below ;
 My humble muse glows with a sacred flame,
 While I exalt my great Redeemer's name ;
 Let those who can more justly win the bays,
 I'll seek my brother's good, and Maker's praise :
 Altho' proud sinners mock at what I say,
 Yet will I still the love of God display ;
 The world's contempt but makes its value rise
 In my esteem, who all things else despise ;
 The blood of Christ a strong dissolvent is,
 'T is this the heart can melt, and only this ;
 His word, his love, and his kind look divine,
 Can break the hardest heart, for it broke mine.
 Preserv'd from dangers on the land and main,
 I live to see my native home again ;
 My friends had long suppos'd me dead or drown'd,
 But now the dead's alive, the lost is found.
 In vain amusements now no charms I see,
 Since I found Christ, he's all in all to me.

When on the seas I'm tost about and hurl'd,
 My inward peace is more than all the world;
 For what are all the joys this world can give—
 When fit to die, we're only fit to live.
 Now I the works of God can better scan,
 And better taste the good design'd for man;
 When we enjoy that love that casts out fear,
 'Tis only then we can be happy here.

BOOK III.

SPRING up, my muse, once more in humble stile,
 And on me may poetic genius smile,
 And follow me thro' ev'ry step I tread,
 While I describe these scenes round Flambro' Head;
 And while inchanting prospects round I see,
 Lord, give me grace to lift my heart to thee.

One morn, at three o'clock, or little more,
 I went from Flambro' Dikes to the north shore;
 The weather fine, 't was in the month of May,
 Viewing those scenes, I spent a pleasant day:
 And there I saw the fish-market begun,
 Numbers of fishing boats on shore had run;
 Large fish they threw in scores upon the beach,
 Spread on the sand, and where the waves can't reach;
 One values it, if that he cannot get,
 He lowers it, the buyer cries out, Hett:

As it is quick dispatch which they all wish,
 Another in the boat fells the small fish :
 To get soon done, who would not think it right,
 That had been out both wet and cold all night.
 They but just speak, they pay no money down,
 I never saw bus'ness dispatch'd so soon :
 The boats haul'd up, the waves may rage and foam,
 Their work is done, the fishermen go home :
 Some of them are content as heart could wish,
 They rest all day, and all the night they fish.
 I saw the fish pack'd up, both great and small,
 Then went to see a cave call'd the Life Hole ;
 There at the entrance struck with awe and dread,
 I saw the ragged rocks hang o'er my head ;
 Trembling I went, then all was dark before,
 I heard within the foaming billows roar ;
 The winding passage still was dark as night,
 But suddenly within appear'd a light.
 When from the grave we into glory rise,
 Then we must feel agreeable surprise :
 There I felt something familiar to this,
 Just like a prospect of eternal bliss :
 The light burst in, and soon dispers'd all dread,
 A vaulted arch appeared o'er my head :
 Then I saw through, as by an open door,
 Under my feet seem'd a white marble floor :
 I felt as into Paradise restor'd,
 I dropp'd upon my knees to praise the Lord ;
 The vaulted arch re-echoed the sound ;
 This place a palace was, tho' under ground ;
 It shews the awful majesty of God,
 Who but just spoke, and form'd it by a word.

On the cliff top I went when I came out,
 And nothing there but thrift grows round about.
 What a romantic scene beneath it lies,
 I saw thousands of birds and heard their cries.
 How far I've sail'd, what countries travel'd o'er,
 Since I did stand upon this cliff before:
 At Buckton I my father's flock did keep,
 And I came here after some wild Jock sheep,
 Bred on the moors, nor walls nor hedges hold,
 Not us'd to be confin'd in fields or fold:
 I durst not follow them so near the cliff,
 So I went back and left them there adrift.
 Not so my Saviour; where should I now be,
 If the good Shepherd had not followed me?
 I look'd with wond'ring eyes on ev'ry side,
 As on a narrow ridge I sat astride;
 Near sixty fathoms high above the main,
 This scene it once would quite have turn'd my brain:
 While sitting there, the rocks, the sea, the birds,
 Much contemplation to my mind affords;
 Those high and rocky cliffs they shelter give,
 And birds breed there that on the ocean live:
 Tho' from the water they rise up so high,
 Yet when they get on land they cannot fly;
 Like flying fish which I have often met,
 They can't fly up but while their wings are wet,
 By this unto their element confin'd,
 Like all things else, answer the end design'd:
 Here parrots, scoots, gulls, petrels, make their haunts,
 Hawks, pies, and pigeons, crows, and cormorants;
 The rocks below o'er which the tide does flow,
 There bait for fish, wilks, flithers, covins grow:

We see the providential plan display'd,
 'Tis for the good of man that all are made ;
 There the smooth sea a pleasing sight affords,
 Spread o'er with boats and ships, and swarms of birds.

How many of my shipmates now are dead,
 Since the first time I sail'd past Flambro' Head :
 When I consider what I have deserv'd,
 'Tis mercy all that I have been preserv'd ;
 Just like a pinnacle that here I see,
 It stands alone surrounded by the sea ;
 The rolling waves a constant war does wage,
 But yet it still defies their utmost rage,
 Tho' swelling high against its foot they beat,
 And dash with violence—then again retreat ;
 They break themselves, but it abides their shock,
 And when their rage is spent, there stands the rock ;
 It stands to shew the power of God design'd,
 While waves the solid cliff has undermin'd.
 My mind was still in meditation lost,
 As I went on to view the signal post ;
 Likewise the curious signals that they use,
 And a high tow'r which once was a light-house ;
 From Burg, a fort, and from this light, a flame,
 This ancient town at first did take its name ;
 Built by the Danes, their strongest fort was here,
 Which by the dikes and castle does appear ;
 From hence intrenchments o'er the hills we trace,
 This light was kept that ships might find the place.
 By this high tow'r to know it in the day,
 The place they landed was Burlington Bay ;
 And there whole fleets could safe at anchor ride,
 Shelter'd by sands and cliffs from wind and tide.

And here the Danish dialect prevails,
 More than elsewhere in England, Scotland, Wales;
 "Git the gene heame, steek'd haver leher deer,"
 These in their common language still appear.
 Oft in the night I careful hove the lead,
 As we our course did steer past Flambro' Head;
 Thick weather, when afraid to come too nigh,
 Then we observ'd which way the birds did fly.
 When at a distance, and no land in sight,
 The birds our pilots, they direct us right.
 As I sail'd past one fine and pleasant day,
 When I had been for many years away;
 And as I walk'd the deck, and plow'd the deep,
 Viewing the hills where I oft tended sheep;
 Ready to cry, as by them swift we past,
 Why was my lot upon the ocean cast?
 A prospect of the castle, town, and mill,
 I had from of the top of Beacon Hill;
 Its ancient strength it there my fancy strikes,
 The cliffs so high, and fortify'd by dikes:
 All round the Head I view'd the ocean wide,
 Burlington Bay, where ships at anchor ride;
 Likewise the shipping lying in Key pier,
 The country round delightful did appear.
 When to the Westward there I turn my eyes,
 And on the hills see large plantations rise;
 In Holdernefs, where stagnant waters stood,
 Now drains are cut, they seek their native flood.
 There shaking bogs were dangerous to pass,
 Where nought but rushes grew and sedgy grass;
 For rotting sheep those places were well known,
 They now are dry, and cloath'd with smiling corn;

May they go on to dry each bog and car,
 And leave no stagnant pool but Hornsey Mar:
 Many go there to fish for pleasure's sake,
 But they must always pay for what they take;
 When caught, they weigh it at the New Inn door,
 The money it is given to the poor.
 This lake is two miles long, and one mile broad,
 And both with fish and fowl it is well stor'd;
 And in the midst of it an island lies,
 Where sea birds breed, for miles you hear their cries.
 I went there in a boat, one morn in spring,
 The cries around me made my ears to ring;
 Thousands of birds were flying round my head,
 So many nests that clear I could not tread,
 Without breaking their eggs, in vain to strive,
 And with young birds, the weeds seem'd all live;
 The old ones cry'd, Begone, they seem'd to say,
 And flew close at me as I went away;
 The swans so stately held their heads so high,
 They too did hiss me as I pass'd them by;
 They flapp'd their wings, and at me they did stare,
 And seem'd to say, What bus'ness had you there?
 I never saw, in countries I've gone o'er,
 So many in so small a spot before.

Since I came home, as I this country view,
 The towns, the fields, now ev'ry thing looks new;
 The old thatch'd cottages have ta'en their flight,
 And new til'd houses now appear in sight;
 And for a quiet, warm, and snug retreat,
 Wold cottage is allow'd the most compleat;
 Own'd by a man of literary fame,
 And captain Topham is his common name.

There art and nature both unite their smiles ;
 This from my mother's house is not five miles.
 A monument stands there for all to view,
 Of the most curious thing I ever knew:
 A stone is kept which fell down from above,
 And serves the wond'rous pow'r of God to prove;
 In ninety-five it fell down on the ground,
 Length fifteen inches, weight fifty-six pound;
 It sunk into the ground and pierc'd a rock,
 The people in Woldnewton felt the shock:
 Two persons saw it when it struck the ground,
 And the report was heard for ten miles round:
 'Twas seen to smoke, was hot when first it fell,
 But where it came from no one yet can tell:
 Wond'rous the cause, and fruitless to enquire,
 Our wisest part is humbly to admire:
 Beyond all human reason to explode,
 It ought to teach us all to fear the Lord:
 What else is worth our care but him to please,
 Who can command such miracles as these.

As I look'd round, my wond'ring eye beholds,
 The vast improvements on the Yorkshire Wolds:
 In the Dale towns, their management at best,
 It seem'd a hundred years behind the rest;
 Some little farms were spread o'er many a mile,
 To see their management, would make you smile:
 I've seen them plowing with a cow and ass,
 And harrows driven by the servant lass;
 Manure on little heaps they us'd to lay,
 Near to the town, few got it far away;
 Out of the wet farm-yard they did it draw,
 It lay and dry'd till it was just like straw;

And when spread out, it was so full of seeds,
 Instead of corn, it only grew more weeds.
 In fallow fields, a crop of thistles grew,
 Their downy seeds about the country flew;
 In vain, from scab, their flocks some try to keep,
 They oft were smitten by their neighbour's sheep;
 How chang'd, since the last time I came that way,
 No hedges then, the fields all open lay;
 Now roads are chang'd, houses built in the field,
 All new inclos'd, as far as Whinmore Bield;
 Old Swarth is now turn'd into tillage land,
 And a new course of husbandry is plann'd;
 Their common method is to pare and burn,
 And there the ling and whins are almost gone.
 On Shirburn brow, I view the country o'er,
 And a vast prospect opens out before;
 Looking due north, I see the high Moor Hills,
 And the Low Lands the fruitful valley fills,
 Where turf was cut, they now have cut a drain,
 The flowing car is now a fertile plain:
 On barren hills scarce ought but flints and stones,
 A few short whins, & strew'd with dead sheep's bones:
 On those cold hills now large plantations rise,
 And blooming cinque-foil there delight your eyes:
 But when the town of Kilham first I saw,
 The walls were mostly clay, & thatch'd with straw;
 What alterations in a little while!
 The houses now are mostly brick and tile:
 They've built a poor-house, and a large new mill,
 And cut away How, Butt, and Butcher Hill;
 Besides improvements which the town does yield,
 We see new houses built about the field;

Half of their lands lay waste, so poor laid down,
 They could not get manure so far from town;
 A diff'rent view we see at the town end,
 Where boys they us'd the geese and pigs to tend:
 You saw the green spread o'er with geese & feathers,
 And cattle then confin'd with stakes and tethers:
 The corn destroy'd all round the town you saw,
 And for some distance nothing left but straw.
 Since 't was inclos'd but two and thirty years,
 The ground is much improv'd, it now appears;
 The springing corn which oft has blasted been,
 By frosty winds, so cold, so sharp and keen,
 Now shelter'd is, no more the storm need dread,
 But cheerful lift its little drooping head;
 The cattle they no shelter then could find,
 Except in dales where sun scarce ever shin'd:
 Screen'd by the trees, now in the shade can lay,
 On hills find shelter in a stormy day;
 The sheep that oft were lost in drifts of snow,
 Shepherds to find them knew not where to go;
 When drifted now, can easily be found,
 The fences keep them on their owner's ground.
 In harvest when it came a windy day,
 The sheaves and peas-reaps oft were blown away;
 Mixt, and against some balk or hill were blown,
 The farmers then they could not know their own;
 Some then would take advantage of the rest,
 At such a time the strongest man far'd best;
 This caus'd disputes which they could not prevent,
 Some suff'ring loss, were forc'd to be content;
 Neighbour 'gainst neighbour had perpetual jars,
 Town against town were constantly at wars;

He who so rash as for his friend durst plead,
 Was like to get a blow or broken head ;
 They feldom then did to the lawyer go,
 Disputes were mostly settled by club-law :
 Then after church upon the sabbath-day,
 Both old and young would run to foot-ball play ;
 The only prize they could expect to win,
 Was to get broken leg or broken shin.
 But as to morals, now, by saving grace,
 The people are improv'd as well as place ;
 On Sundays now instead of foot-ball play,
 You see them meet together now to pray ;
 Some for amusement, that despise their name,
 Yet come to hear, disturb them, and make game ;
 Tho' they have gone to school without dispute,
 They're unrefin'd, scarce rais'd above the brute ;
 Altho' the gospel light so clear has shin'd,
 Yet many still are ignorant and blind ;
 While some that are without school education,
 Have put on Christ, are wise unto salvation.
 Our learning all will prove a wild goose chase,
 Except we come into the school of grace.

OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
TOWN OF LIVERPOOL.

BOOK IV.

YE landsmen, listen to the tale I tell,
And sailors, you can understand it well;
A leisure hour is all that I can claim,
Your kind applause to me is more than fame;
Howe'er unskill'd in verse, my muse may prove,
The motive of my lays is christian love;
Design'd, if possible, t' impress a sense,
A reverential awe of Providence;
Who trust in God, and on him constant call,
They safely stand, when many others fall:
At sea or land, or wheresoe'er they are,
Still are *the righteous God's peculiar care*;
And from their heads a hair can never fall,
Unless permitted by the Lord of all.

Sav'd from all dangers, on the raging main,
Once more I see my native land again:
My friends they hear our ship is come in sight,
The signal's hoist, they view it with delight;
Rejoice that soon we shall each other see,
For they have oft been looking out for me.
What gratitude I feel to Heav'n above,
Once more I shall embrace the friends I love:
My pulser beats high, the town appears in view,
I feel a pleasure landsmen never knew.

Help me to paint, let genius guide the tool,
 While I a picture draw of Liverpool ;
 Prospective muse, attend my willing hands,
 To shew the beauties that this view commands :—
 Here rise the noble buildings, great and small,
 The 'Change and Churches overlook them all ;
 The smoke in columns rises in the wind,
 Darkens the air, and leaves a veil behind ;
 Rising from forges, and from fact'ries new ;
 The wind-mills on the hills next strike your view ;
 If they have wind, you see them night and morn,
 Keep turning round to grind the people corn,
 When on the shipping here we cast our eyes,
 We see 'midst buildings woods of masts arise ;
 Likewise the ships that in the river lie,
 And boats across it as they constant ply ;
 When on the ocean we begin to look,
 The river then seems like a little brook :
 We see the shipping coming in from far,
 And others going out, prepar'd for war.
 The wind comes fair, then brooking no delay,
 They at high water, soon get under way ;
 Each wishing to be first, they eager try,
 And ev'ry sail unto the wind apply ;
 'Tis not enough that sailors risk their lives,
 But they must leave their sweethearts & their wives :
 The boatman calls, he's waiting along-side—
 Must we be parted, says a new-made bride ;
 Torn from the joys, the honey-moon affords,
 Her looks express her feelings more than words,
 Her husband says, my absence do not mourn,
 These happy days again will soon return,

And while he stops to take the last embrace,
 The pilot calls him to attend the brace ;
 They hand her down the side, all bath'd in tears,
 She waves her hand, the sailors give three cheers ;
 She sees them crowd along the Cheshire shore ;
 When round the rock, she sees the ship no more !
 Thro' the rock channel, safe the pilot steers,
 Hard by the sands, which white with surf appears ;
 And there the dang'rous banks stretch'd far and wide,
 More dang'rous render'd by the rapid tide ;
 The leadsmen chearly tell the depth along,
 While the whole ship's responsive to his song :
 When past the buoys, and clear of ev'ry sand,
 With a fine breeze, they leave the less'ning land,
 With rials set, and stunsails on each side,
 Fearless they stretch across the ocean wide.

As on the sea my eyes are fixed still,
 A flag is hoist on top of Bidston Hill ;
 A signal for a ship that's homeward bound—
 She proves a prize worth twenty thousand pound ;
 The bells they ring, the ship she comes in sight,
 And crowds of people view her with delight.

My brother sailors all who share this prize,
 Spend not like fools, nor good advice despise ;
 Nor idly squander round the tavern fires,
 The money your own family requires ;
 At home, you may have a domestic feast,
 But don't get drunk, and make yourself a beast :
 Behold the man addicted to this crime,
 What loss sustain'd of health, wealth, peace, & time ;
 How far beneath the brute, how base his fall,
 You would not think him rational at all.

Through drunkenness, what horrid scenes appear,
 In Dublin, when I was a Volunteer;
 Rebels broke through divine and human laws,
 And most allow that whiskey was the cause;
 Intoxicated, numbers then did fall,
 Many for mercy had not time to call;
 Some were blaspheming with their latest breath;
 The Lord preserve us all from such a death!
 Some, when abroad, disgrace the British name—
 A drunken English seaman, what a shame!
 Whose character's so far above the rest,
 Yet they when drunk are ev'ry body's jest.
 Now by a brother sailor, be advis'd,
 Rise from your fall, and be no more despis'd;
 You who have gain'd your country so much fame,
 That all the world may still respect the name;
 For British seamen, that have sober prov'd,
 In foreign parts are much esteem'd and lov'd.
 When just come home, and free from care and strife,
 I see a sailor, and his loving wife;
 To see a child sit smiling on his knee,
 This always was a pleasing sight to me;
 Delightful scene, when two congenial minds,
 Whom nature pairs, and lawful marriage binds;
 When kind affection feeds the kindled flame,
 And friendship yields but to a dearer name;
 Their fair example must at once inspire,
 A wish to copy what all must admire.
 Go not 'mongst harlots, shun the fatal snare,
 Flee from those fews infectious, come not there;
 Nor wound your bodies, nor your souls debase,
 Nor risk damnation for a snatch'd embrace.

A captain S——t, that I knew right well,
 Who left his wife, and went to a brothel;
 Next day, his body was a shocking sight,
 Half of it burnt; the house took fire that night;
 This is a fact, well known at Billingsgate,
 His brother there could prove what I relate.
 Debauchery has such a frightful mien,
 That to be hated, needs but to be seen.
 Low and indelicate must be their taste,
 Who in brothels, their time and money waste;
 Dead to those nobler passions, whence proceed
 The lib'ral sentiment, and gen'rous deed:
 For women, higher let your love aspire,
 Beyond the bounds of brutal, base desire;
 Friendship and love are pleasures more refin'd,
 To those who taste the banquet of the mind.
 Altho' with women I have spent much time,
 A broken vow was never yet my crime:
 That man who tries to gain the female heart,
 Then fails, and plays the worthless trifler's part;
 Does first their kindness and affection prove,
 And then despises all he ought to love;
 Boasting their weakness, then, his strength to shew,
 In mercy spare the base unmanly blow;
 Who robs a woman of her peace of mind,
 Should be despised by all female kind:
 O that each heart that female charms allure,
 Where honest, generous, undisguis'd, and pure,
 Ye sailors, don't deceive the innocent,
 Nor talk of love without a pure intent,
 But shun those jilts who bear as fair a name,
 Yet try all arts your passions to inflame;

Forbear to toy, or glance, or wishful gaze
 Beneath the lawn which on the bosom plays ;
 Fine dress and wanton gestures they display,
 For which they make some foolish sailors pay ;
 Persuade to treat them both to play and ball—
 Sailors are gen'rous, they must pay for all ;
 Your money is their object all the while,
 Until its spent, deceive you with a smile ;
 But then despise the men by which they live ;
 Avoid them then, 't is nobler far to give.
 Let others take their girls and flowing bowls,
 But let them see that you have nobler souls ;
 Let gratitude to God by works display
 The obligations under which you lay ;
 And let the poor and wretched share a part ;
 Shew that a seaman has a feeling heart ;
 Consider those who are oblig'd to beg,
 Instead of gold have got a wooden leg ;
 Condemn'd to suffer scorn, neglect, disgrace,
 Remember that it might have been your case,
 They too for fortune's favours once did look,
 But she has jilted them and quite forsook ;
 The only favour she bestow'd was this—
 Marry'd them to her eldest daughter Miss..
 To riches happiness is not confin'd,
 For they can never ease a troubled mind ;
 When the world smiles on us the most of all,
 We are in danger of the greatest fall ;
 The poor it seems are in the safest place,
 But rich or poor may all be rich in grace,
 May all who see God's wonders on the deep,
 His mercies still in their remembrance keep ;

And when on shore tell of his wond'rous ways,
 And let your joyful songs be songs of praise :
 And you who oft did blast your eyes and limbs,
 Now worship God in singing psalms and hymns ;
 The judgments which you did on others call,
 Pray that on your own heads they may not fall :
 That you may not be an example made,
 Like poor Jack D——d in the Irish trade ;
 At Mrs. C——n's, New-Bird Street, he dy'd,
 There of the truth you may be satisfy'd :
 Then many of the neighbours heard his cries,
 And heard him blast his precious limbs and eyes :
 His legs and arms turn'd black and mortify'd,
 And he was blind a week before he dy'd ;
 His eyes were swell'd so shocking to behold,
 The sight it terrify'd both young and old ;
 All heard his cries that by the house did pass,
 His groans were like the braying of an ass ;
 This awful judgment happen'd, many know,
 In Liverpool, but eighteen months ago.
 'T is strange that men so much indulg'd by Heav'n,
 To swearing should habitually be giv'n ;
 He who preserves you on the wat'ry main,
 Dare you still take his sacred name in vain ?
 Can blasphemy, which must your souls o'erwhelm,
 Assist to work the ship or guide the helm ?
 While deeds unmatch'd your dauntless courage tell,
 Forbear to use this dialect of hell :
 “ Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
 “ To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.”

We see a Guinea ship come round the rock,
 The people run to see her come in dock ;
 The anchor gone, she swings at the pier-head,
 Some person hails, and asks how many's dead ?
 Of what went out, 't is awful to reflect,
 If half come back, they don't much more expect.
 While looking round for faces that he knew,
 The ship-keeper oft finds but very few :
 O what a fatal thing this Guinea trade,
 How many die, how few are sailors made !
 Can Christians join in such a trade as this ?
 'T is not the way to gain eternal bliss :
 The cruelties which they commit on board,
 Will come to light when all shall be restor'd ;
 Of these poor negroes they again may hear,
 When at the day of judgment all appear :
 For worldly riches men their souls have sold,
 Barter'd eternal life for cursed gold.
 Yes, they may love their pleasures and their pelf,
 But can they love their neighbour as their self ?
 Too hard for them, therefore they never try,
 To do to all as they would be done by.
 Who deal in slaves, they must have hearts like steel,
 All tender hearts for suff'ring negroes feel.
 Ye Britons, who of liberty can boast,
 Are you become slave-merchants on the coast ?
 You who for liberty so boldly stand,
 Shall this black traffic still disgrace your land ?
 All Englishmen who have a sense of shame,
 Must feel indignant at the very name.
 O may I always, while I hold my pen,
 Feel for poor negroes as my fellow men ;

I've seen their suff'rings, and should I be dumb,
I might be punish'd in the world to come.

Leaving this trade which is such a disgrace,
Again I view the beauties of the place :
Mount Pleasant Hill does a fine prospect shew,
There I can calmly view the town below ;
Most men are busy how to get or spend,
Few of them think upon their latter end ;
Some merchants they no leisure time can find,
But make excuse, they must their bus'ness mind ;
For news rooms, they neglect the church, and show
Their mind is fix'd upon the things below ;
And on a Sunday, if the day is fine,
Then they must in the country go to dine :
The tradesman likewise, he himself can clear,
He can't get time, for he 's a volunteer ;
On Sundays he must learn his exercise,
He can't get time to seek the heav'nly prize ;
Death to this answer no respect will show,
" I can't get time, I 'm busy here below."
The worldly-minded study to get rich,
And love of pleasure many does bewitch ;
Amongst the rest, at this vast busy place,
A few are found who run the heav'nly race ;
Some happy souls are in this town, who prove,
That their new hearts are fix'd on things above :
Some who were slaves to sin, but now, behold,
They grow in grace, as they in years grow old ;
Ah, what a change ! the sinner now relents,
And of his sins sincerely he repents ;
All stand astonish'd when they do him view,
Is this the man, they say, that once we knew ?

" The man that once sang madly, danc'd and laugh'd,
 " And drunk in dizzy madness with his draught,
 " Has wept a silent flood, revers'd his ways,
 " Is sober, chaste, benevolent, and prays ;"
 He knows that Jesus bought him with his blood,
 And bold he stands confess'd a child of God.
 Such striking wonders of redeeming grace,
 Have many times been witness'd in this place.

An Elegy.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH
 OF THE
AUTHOR'S MOTHER.

BOOK V.

ALTHO' this theme may not give much delight,
 A subject great engages me to write :—
 A loving mother, taken from our sight,
 Remov'd from us, to dwell with saints in light ;
 In midst of troubles, sickness, and much pain,
 She testify'd that she was born again ;
 And patient waited, willing to depart,
 'T was plain to see that grace had chang'd her heart ;
 To save the lost, she knew the Saviour came,
 And with her latest breath she lisp'd his name ;

She cry'd out Jesus, quickly come away;
 Jesus—was the last word we heard her say;
 While seven of her children, round her bed,
 Were on their knees, her happy spirit fled;
 She seem'd to smile on death and troubles past,
 Then calmly fell asleep, and slept her last.
 One of her sons, tho' in another clime—
 He thought he saw her at that very time;
 He offer'd her a kiss—she never spoke,
 But smil'd on him—then vanish'd—he awoke;
 Tho' much astonish'd, yet he felt no dread,
 But from that time he fancy'd she was dead;
 He told his ship-mates, but they laugh'd at him,
 And said, 't was but a dream, an idle whim;
 But when a letter came, and it prov'd true,
 His ship-mates then were much astonish'd too:
 We see what love for children mothers have,
 In her, it seem'd to reach beyond the grave:
 Five sons she had at sea, for many years,
 And often they have cost her many tears;
 She who could scarcely bear them out of sight,
 What must she feel when they forgot to write!
 O that each careless prodigal like me,
 May now his duty to his parents see:
 Duty compels me for such love and pains,
 To pay a tribute to her last remains;
 While seven children follow her along,
 They join together in a mournful song;
 They mix their tears, with sorrow sympathize—
 There not a stranger, but a mother lies!
 Some will remember to their dying day,
 With what reluctancy they came away,

From yonder spot, where now her body lies,
 With solemn steps, and with heart rending cries;
 Viewing their graves, unto our minds recall,
 A father's death, a brother's early fall:
 We cannot soon forget this solemn hour,
 But time these strong impressions does devour.
 May this occasion speak to ev'ry heart,
 Prepare yourselves, you likewise must depart;
 Depart for ever from this mortal life,
 Your dearest friendships, children, father, wife.
 Let all attend this lesson to improve,
 And learn their state before they hence remove;
 And wisdom gain from sickness, death, the grave,
 And fly to Jesu's blood, their souls to save;
 They who believe in him, altho' they die,
 For ever reign enthron'd above the sky.

For sev'nty-three revolving tedious years,
 My father sojourn'd in this vale of tears;
 His toil and care to farming was apply'd,
 In which simplicity he liv'd and dy'd;
 His bus'ness prosper'd, Providence prov'd kind,
 To the large family he left behind;
 May they amongst the poor be kind and free,
 And imitate his hospitality:
 Listen ye proud, be this to misers told;
 That gen'rous souls can scorn their wretched gold;
 That doing good to them a pleasure yields,
 Unknown to honour's slaves in bloody fields;
 They live content, amidst domestic joys,
 And scorn the world with all its glitt'ring toys;
 He liv'd from noise of war, and danger free,
 And dy'd in peace amidst his family;

Bless'd with a num'rous offspring, his delight,
 Of females two, of males, the number eight;
 The eldest first abandon'd husbandry,
 And he has made his fortune on the sea;
 For twenty years, he plow'd the raging main,
 Has often traded into France and Spain;
 And out of Hull he many voyages made,
 Had the Britannia in the Hambro' trade.

The second was employ'd in tending sheep,
 But at eighteen he went to plow the deep;
 And out of London many voyages made,
 Had the Jemima in the Lisbon trade.

The third left home but with a diff'rent view,
 And other motives led him to pursue,
 To seek the souls of men by error led,
 Point to that blood which for their sins was shed;
 Tells them like Wesley, Christ is all they want,
 Now he's a preacher, an itinerant.

The fourth left home, but till'd the ground the same,
 He follow'd culture by another name;
 In gardening employ'd, as the first man,
 And Adam's work his genius did scan;
 He join'd the Methodists, took their advice,
 And from his garden looks to Paradise.

The fifth, a farmer bred, he stay'd at home,
 Had no cur'osity abroad to roam.

The sixth she has for Jesus all resign'd,
 And to serve God her heart is yet inclin'd.

The seventh when young, at home he would not stay,
 But went to sea, was press'd and led away;
 Thro' perils great, his country's cause to serve,
 Owes all to God who did his life preserve,

From raging seas, and dangers greater far,
 When master of the Prince at Trafalgar :
 Rouse up my muse, describe with all thy might,
 The glories and the terrors of that fight :
 The French and Spaniards, when the fight begun,
 Were well prepar'd, did all that could be done ;
 But all this caution was of no avail,
 NELSON had laid a plan, it scarce could fail ;
 A British fleet to conquer a proud Don,
 They only want a man to lead them on :
 Come follow me, my boys, was NELSON's cry,
 Determin'd then to conquer or to die ;
 He valu'd honour more than life or limb,
 To see them, was to conquer them with him ;
 He said, my signals if you cannot see,
 Make no delay, example take by me ;
 To know your foes, thro' smoke, or in the dark,
 Engage them close, you cannot miss your mark :
 Then he led on, and thro' their line he broke,
 And put them to confusion, by that stroke ;
 The English cannons then so well did play,
 Some of them soon were glad to get away :
 What dreadful havock ! O what scenes were there !
 Some sinking, and some flying in the air ;
 More than the rest, this casts a damp on all,
 When they first heard of gallant NELSON's fall !
 We must submit to Him who rules on high,
 The coward and the brave, they all must die ;
 And he who weather'd out so many storms,
 Alas ! is now become a prey for worms.
 These victories which we rejoice to hear,
 Are dearly bought ; cost many a widow's tear.

The eighth, she is to reading much inclin'd,
 And by that means, has much improv'd her mind:
 Her mother's comfort was her chiefest care,
 In her last illness, she was always there.
 May natural religion bind us all,
 For if we have not that, we 've none at all.
 Ninth, for a Lisbon merchant was design'd,
 There his high spirit could not be confin'd;
 It seems he brav'd all dangers without fear,
 When captain of the Lion, privateer.
 He seems to take up fighting as a trade,
 And master in the navy has been made;
 He guides a ship, how wicked who can tell?
 By some compared to a floating hell;
 We see that where temptations most abound,
 The more extremely wicked men are found;
 But where temptations may not be so great,
 By nature all are in a lost estate:
 The ancient promise which old Adam view'd,
 Was made to all the race, in Christ renew'd;
 Those therefore are the objects of his love,
 He dy'd, arose, and reigns for them above;
 His blood to plead, his blessings to impart,
 And to reveal himself to ev'ry heart:
 Some of them fear the Lord, support his cause,
 And shew they have respect to all his laws;
 They often on the word of God attend,
 And gladly hearken to the sinner's Friend;
 And wonder at his condescending grace,
 In acts of mercy to the human race.
 The tenth, a farmer was design'd to be,
 But since his father dy'd he went to sea;

His ardent bosom panted after fame;
 He fondly hop'd to signalize his name;
 Resolv'd in honour's field to try his fate,
 He enter'd in the Navy, master's mate:
 But ah! before his valour it was try'd,
 He broke a blood vessel, came home and dy'd.
 These were his offspring, whom he dearly lov'd,
 And a kind father to them all he prov'd;
 He gave no cause for any to suspect,
 That to another he shew'd more respect;
 His care and tenderness for all was such,
 The danger lay in loving them too much.
 In all their minds the pow'rs of reason shone,
 And well proportion'd all their bodies grown:
 Whenever he upon them cast an eye,
 'T was cause of gratitude to the Most High.
 Now he is gone, and we are left behind,
 To be a curse or blessing to mankind;
 To fill up stations both by sea and land,
 To be subordinate, or give command;
 To rear up families which far may spread.
 The name of Anderson, when we are dead.
 If justice, mercy, and a humble heart,
 We most esteem, and chuse the better part;
 Then to the world our faith will prove divine,
 And many hearts we may to truth incline.
 If with the greatest privileges blest,
 We in a state of carelessness do rest,
 Then God will make his judgments dreadful shine,
 Resent his injur'd rights of love divine.

Our parents gone—who next by death may fall
 A sacrifice, precarious is to all!

We therefore should each one this question try,
 Upon our hearts, and say, Lord is it I?
 We all the debt of nature soon must pay,
 We should begin while it is call'd to day;
 And if we wise unto salvation be,
 From guilt and sin we all may be set free:
 Death with his sting shall lose its pointed dart,
 And glorious prospects gladden ev'ry heart:
 Of faith possess'd in the Redeemer's blood,
 Our bodies made a temple, meet for God;
 Our commerce with the world we then may drop,
 And lay our bodies down in cheerful hope,
 That one day he will raise them from the dead,
 And make them like to Christ, our living Head;
 The subject of our happy theme shall be—
Redeeming love, to all eternity!

E X P E R I E N C E.

“**T**HEY that in ships with courage bold,”
 Thro' storms and dangers, wet and cold,
 At night while landsmen sleep;
 “O'er swelling waves their way pursue,”
 The mighty works of God they view—
 His wonders in the deep!

How oft the Lord did call to me,
 In dangers both on land and sea,
 And warn'd from sin to part:
 He try'd me with prosperity,
 And likewise by adversity,
 These did not change my heart.

When fortune smil'd, and fill'd my breast
 With dreams of creature happiness,
 This seem'd a pleasant road;
 More I enjoy'd of worldly wealth,
 Of friends, of pleasure, and of health,
 The more I ran from God.

When death it star'd me in the face,
 I thought that hell must be my place,
 I was not fit to die;
 I promis'd, if my life was spar'd,
 That I would strive to be prepar'd,
 And from temptation fly.

In my own strength in vain I strove,
 But wanting power from above,
 I could not conquer sin;
 Tho' outwardly I did it shun,
 Yet from myself I could not run,
 I felt it dwell within.

How clear the love of God did shew,
 Led by a way I did not know,
 Where he design'd to bless:
 When most I felt the want of grace,
 Then Jesus shew'd his smiling face,
 And to my soul spoke peace.

I go to sea at his command,
 And tell when I come on the land,
 The wonders of his love;
 Now safe in Christ the ark I sail,
 I know his promise will not fail,
 But land me safe above.

The Author's Apology.



IN an age when literature is arrived at such a pitch of perfection, I doubt not but many will censure me for presumption, in exposing my little production to the critical world. I am sensible, how rough and unpolished it must appear; but if it has any stirring value, it will be seen by sensible men—they will consider it came from an unlettered seaman's pen. It is but two years ago that I first began to write in verse, in letters to my friends*; they advised me to cultivate the talent of poetry. When I remembered the old adage, "poor as a poet," I considered I had that qualification to begin with: if I never should deserve the name

* The following is an answer to one of the letters alluded to.—
Extract of a Letter from Sir HENRY WILSON, to the
AUTHOR.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON,

I received the pleasure of your letter, yesterday, which gave me great satisfaction to find you in good health, and amongst your friends, who I know, all value and esteem you very much. I never failed to inquire after you of your friends, whenever I saw them; and from their not having heard of you so long, I found you had been taken prisoner by the French; but I am truly glad you are safe at Kilham, which your description of, and the Country you have so long remembered, in your very early days, pleased me much---it was natural, and manly, and does your heart honour. I think you now ought to stay some time at home, and enjoy yourself, as I fear you have gone through many hardships. I remain your sincere well-wisher.

H. WILSON.

Chelsea Park, 8th May, 1804.

of a Poet, I shall be content, if I only deserve the name of an honest Yorkshireman, and a British seaman. As I have been master and mate of ships out of Sunderland, Hull, London, and Liverpool, for fifteen years, those who knew me, will be able to judge if I ought to call myself a sailor. The facts I describe, are many of them so recent and so near home, that any of my readers, who will take the trouble, may soon be satisfied, as to the truth of them: They will find in this Poem, a simple narrative of facts. If it should fall into the hands of any poor wandering Prodigal, O that the Lord may apply it to his heart; and may these words be deeply impressed on his mind, which often followed me: "Return to thy friends and thy kindred, and it shall be well with thee."

The indulgence of my readers, will, I am persuaded, cast a veil over its numerous imperfections, on account of the purity of the intention.

EDWARD ANDERSON.



H. Forshaw, Printer, Liverpool.

